

THE
R A P E
OF
LVCRECE.

By
Mr. William Shakespeare.

Newly Reuised.



L O N D O N :

Printed by T. S. for Roger Jackson, and are
to besolde at his shop neere the Conduit
in Fleet-street. 1616.

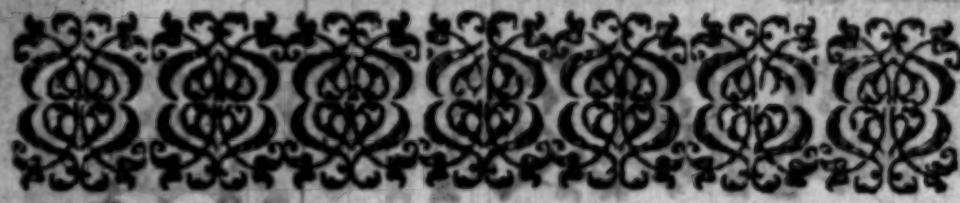
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THE
MAP
20
LACROSSE

Map of LACROSSE



Map of LACROSSE
in the State of Wisconsin
30 miles to the west of the
City of Milwaukee
20 miles from the
City of Green Bay



TO THE RIGHT HONO-
rable, HENRY WRIOTHESELEY,
Earle of South-hampton, and
Baron of Tichfield.



HE Loue I dedicate to your
Lordship is without end: where-
of this Pamphlet without be-
ginning is but a superfluous
Meitie. The warrant I haue of
your Honourable disposition,
not the worth of my vntutord lines makes it
assured of acceptance. What I haue done is
yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being part
in all I haue, devoted yours. Were my worth
greater, my duty should shew greater, meane
time, as it is, it is bound to your Lord-
ship; To whom I wish long life
still lengthned with all
happinesse.

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Your Lordships in all duey,

William Shakespeare.



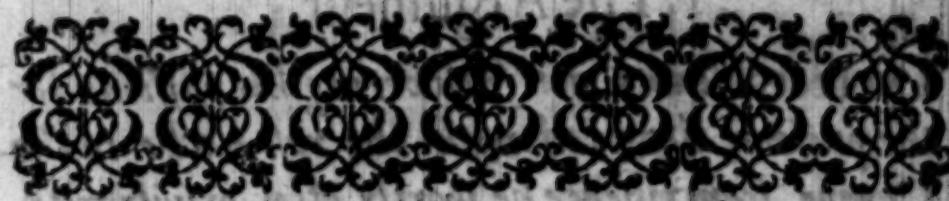
YOUNG THIRTY EIGHT OF
The Argument.

LVCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his exceeding pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father in law SERVIUS TULLIUS to be cruelly murdered, and contrary to the Romane lawes and customes, not requiring or stayng for the peoples suffrages, had possessed himselfe of the kingdome: went accompanied with his sonnes and other noble men of Rome to besiege Ardea; during which siege, the principall men of the Army meeting one euening at the Tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the Kings sonne, in their discourses after supper, euery one commended the vertues of his owne wife: among whom Colatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they al posted to Rome, and intending by their secret and sodaine arrinall, to make triall of that which euery one had before anoughed, onely Colatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids, the other Ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in severall disports. Whereupon the Noble men yeelded Colatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucreces

The Argument.

Lucreces beauty, yet smothering his passions for
the present, departed with the rest backe to the
Campe, from whence he shortly after priuily with-
drew himselfe, and was (according to his state)
royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Co-
latium. The same night, he trecherously stealeth
into her Chamber, violently rauisheth her, and early
in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece in this la-
mentable plignt, hastely dispatcheth messengers,
one to Rome for her father, another to the Campe
for Colatine. They came, the one accompanied
with Iunius Brutus, the other with Publius Va-
lerius: and finding Lucrece attired in mourning
habite, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She
first taking an oath of them for her reuenge, reuea-
led the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and
withall suddenly stabbed her selfe. Which done
with one consent, they all vowed to root out the
whole hated family of the Tarquins: and bearing
the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the
people with the doer and manner of the vile deed:
with a bitter iuinctiue against the tyranny of the
King, wherewith the people were so mooued with
one consent, and a generall acclamation, that the
Tarquins were all exiled, and the state govern-
ment changed from Kings to Consuls.

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The Contents.

- 1 *Lucrece* praises for chaste, vertuous, and beautifull, enamoreth *Tarquin*.
- 2 *Tarquin* welcomed by *Lucrece*.
- 3 *Tarquin* overthrowes all disputing with wilfulness.
- 4 He puts his resolution in practise.
- 5 *Lucrece* awakes and is amazed to be so surprised.
- 6 She pleads in defence of Chastity.
- 7 *Tarquin* all impatient interrupteth her, and rauisheth her by force.
- 8 *Lucrece* complaines on her abuse.
- 9 She disputeth whether she should kill her selfe or no.
- 10 She is resolued on her selfe-murther, yet sendeth first for her Husband.
- 11 *Colatinus* with his friends returne home.
- 12 *Lucrece* relateth the mischiefe: they sweare reuenge, and she to exasperate the matter killeth her selfe.

THE



THE R A P E O F L V C R E C E.

From the besieged *Ardea* all in post,
Borne by the truless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed *TARQVIN* leavues the *Romane* host,
And to *Colatium* beares the lightless fire,
Which in pale *embers* hid, lurkes to aspire
And girdle with embracing flames the *wast*,
Of *Colatines* faire lone, *Lucrece* the chaste.

Haply that name of *chast*, vnhaply set
This batelesse edge on his keene appetite:
Whan *Colatine* vnuisely did not let
To praise the cleare vnmatched red and white,
Which triumpht in that *skie* of his delight,
VVhere mortall star as bright as heauens beauties,
VVith pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before in *Tarquins* tent,
Vnlockt the treasure of his happy state:
What priselesse wealth the heauens had lent,
In the possession of his beautious mate.
Reckoning his fortune at so high a rate
That *Kings* might be espowled to more fame,
But *King* nor *Prince* to such a peccatelle dame.

O happinesse enioyd but of a few,
And if posselt as soone decayde and done:
As if the mornings siluer melting dew,
Against the golden splendor of the *Sunne*,
A date expir'd: and cancelld ere begun.
Honour and beauty in the owners armes,
Are weakly forrest from a world of harmes.

The prai-
sing of
Lucrecia as
chaste, ver-
tuous and
beautifull,
maketh
Tarquin
enamored.

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THE RAPE

Beauty it selfe, doth of it selfe perswade
The eies of men without an Orator,
What needeth then *Apologies* be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is *Colatine* the publisher
Of that rich *Jewell* he should keepe yⁿknowne,
From thecuish *cares* because it is his owne?

Perchance his boast of *Lucrece* Sou'reignty,
Suggested this proud issue of a King:
For by our *cares* our hearts oft tainted be,
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing
Brauing compare, disdainfully did sting
His high pitcht thoughts that meaner men should want
That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some vntimely thought did instigate,
His all too timelesse speede, if none of those,
His honor, his affaires, his friends, his state,
Neglected all; with syvst intent he goes,
To quench the coale which in his luer glowves.
O rash false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts and n'er growes old.

2
Tarquin welcomed by Lucrece. When at *Colatia* this false Lord arrived,
Well was he welcom'd by the Romane dame,
Within whose face beauty and vertue striued,
Which of them both should vnderprop her fame,
When vertue brag'd, beauty would blush for shame,
When beauty boasted blushes, in despight
Vertue would staine that o're with siluer white.

But beauty in that white intituled,
From *Venus* doves doth challenge that faire field,
Then vertue claimes from beauty, beauties red,
Which vertue gaue the golden age to guild
Their siluer cheekes, and cald it then their shielde,

Teaching

OF LVCRECE.

Teaching them thus to vse it in the fight,
When shame assaile, the red should fence the white.

This Heraldry in LVCRECE face was scene,
Argued by beauties red and vertues white,
Of eithers colour was the other Queen :
Prouing from worlds minority their right,
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight :
The sou'reignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each others seat.

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This silent warre of Lillies and of Roser,
Which Tarquin viewd in her faire faces field,
In their pure rankes his traytor eye encloses,
Where least between them both it should be kild,
The coward captiue vanquished doth yeeld
To those two armies that would let him goe.
Rather then triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husbands shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigall that praisde her so,
In that high taske hath done her beasny wrong.
Which farre exceeds his barren skill to shew.
Therefore that praise which Colatine doth owe,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly Saint adored by this Diuell,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper:
"For thoughts unstain'd do fildome dreame on euil."
"Birds never limb'd, no secret bushes feare ;
So guiltlesse she securely gives good cheare,
And reuerend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ile no outward harme exprest.

For that he colourd with his high estate,
Hiding base sinne in plats of Maiestie :
That nothing in him seemed inordinate,

Sauc

THE RAPE

Sau sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which hauing all, all could not satisfie ;
But poorely rich so wanteth in his store,
That cloyd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she that neuer copie with stranger eies,
Could pick no meaning from their parling lookes,
Nor read the subtile shining secreties
Writ in the glasse margents of such bookes,
She toucht no vnknowne baits, nor fear'd no bookeis ;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More then his eies were open to the lights.

He storis to her eares her husbands fame,
Wonne in the fields of fruitfull Iralie :
And decks with praises Colatines high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised armes and wreaths of victory ;
Her ioy with heaued vp hand she doth expresse,
And wordlesse so greets heauen for his successe.

Far from the purpose of his comming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there ;
No cloudy shew of stormy blustering wether
Doth yet in his faire welkin once appeare,
Till sable night sad source of dread and feare,
Upon the world dim darknesse doth display,
And in her vaulty prison shuts the day.

For then is Tarquin brought vnto his bed,
Intending weariness with heauy sprite :
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :
Now leaden slumber with liues strength doth fight,
And euery one to rest themselues betake,
Sau theeues, and cares, and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolting

The

OF LVCRECE.

The sundry dangers of his wils obtaining :
Yet cuer to obtaine his will resoluing.
Though weake-built hopes perswade him to abstaining ;
Despaire to gaine doth traffique oft for gaining,
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adiunct, ther's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gaine so fond,
That oft they haue not that which they possesse,
They scatter and vnloose it from their bond,
And so by hoping more they haue but lesse,
Or gaining more the profit of excesse
Is but to surfe, and such grieses sustaine
That they proue banckrupt in this poore rich-gaine.

The ayme of all, is but to nourse the life of curiositie
With honor, wealth, and ease, in wayning age,
And in this ayme there is such shwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage :
As life for honor, in fell battails rage,
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and altogether lost.

So that in ventring ill, we leue to be
The things we are, for that which we expect,
And this ambitious foule infirmitie,
In having much tormentors with defect
Of that we haue : so then we doe neglect
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honor to obtaine his lust :
And for himselfe, himselfe he must forsake :
Then where is truth, if there be no false-trust ?
When shall he thinke to finde a stranger lust,
When he himselfe, himselfe confounds, betraies

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To

THE R A P E

To slanderous tongues and wretched hatefull daies ?

Now stolc vpon the time the dead of night,
When heauy sleep had closd vp mortall eye,
No comfortable forme did lend his lighte,
No noise but Owles and Wolves death boding cries :
Now serues the season that they may surprize

The silly Lambs, pure thoughts are dead and still :
While lust and Murder wakes to blasme and kill.

And now this lustfull Lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o're his arme,
Is madly tost between desire and dread ;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harme,
But honest feare, bewitcht with lusts soule charme,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brainsicke rude desire.

His Fanchion on a faine he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparkes of fire doth flie,
Whereat a new torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustfull eye,
And to the flame thus speakes aduisedly ;
As from this cold faine I enforcē this fire,
So L v c a n c a must I force to my desire.

Here pale with feare he doth premeditate
The dangers of his lothsome enterprise
And in his inward minds he doth debate,
What following sorrow may on this arise,
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked arme of still slaughtered lust,
And iustly thus controlls his thoughts vniust.

Faire torch burne out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine :
And die vnhallowed thoughts before you bloc
With your vncleanness that which is divine ;

Offer

3
Terquin
disputing
the matter
at last re-
solves to
satisfie his
lust.

OF LVCRECE. IT

Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine; and let your son die.
Let faire humanity abhor the dead, and say no more; and
That spous and spouses loves modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining armes,
O foule dishonor to my households graue:
O impious act including all foule harmes,
A martiall man to be soft fancies slave,
True valour still a true respect should haue
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will haue engrauen in my face.

Yea though I die the scandall will surviue,
And be an eie-sore in my golden coate:
Some loathsome dash the Herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote:
That my posterity sham'd with the note
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sinne,
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I if I gaine the thing I seeke?
A dreame, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy,
Who buies a minutes mirth to waile a weeke?
Or selis eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar but to touch the crowne?
Would with the scepter straight be stroken downe?

If Cclatinus dreame of my intent,
Will he not wake; and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath ingirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying vertue, this suruaining shame,
Whose crime will beare an ever-during blame.
O what excuse can my iustification make
When thou shalt charge me with so blacke a deed:

Will

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Shakspeare

THE RAPE

VVill not my tongue be mute, my fraile ioynts shake?
Mine eies forgoe their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the feare doth still exceedes,
And extreme feare can neither fight nor fise,
But cowardlike with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kild my sonne or sire,
Or laine in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my deare friend, this desire
Might haue excuse to worke vpon his wife;
As in reuenge or quittall of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my deare friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shamefull it is, if once the fact be knowne,
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in louing,
Ile beg her loue: but she is not her owne:
The worst is but deniall, and reproving.
My will is strong, past reasons yeaake remouing.
VVho feares a sentence or an old mans savve,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in aye.

Thus (gracelesse) holds he disputation,
Tweene frozen conscience and hot burning will.
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Vrging the worser sence for vantage still.
VVhich in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so farre proceed,
That what is vile, shewes like a vertuous deed.

Quoth he, she tooke me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eies,
Fearing some hard newes from the warlike band
VWhere her beloued Colatinus lies.
O how her feare did make her colour rise?
First red as Roses that on Lawne we lay,
Then white as Lawne the Roses tooke away.

And

OF LVCKE GE.

And now her hand in my hand being locke,
Forst it to tremble with her loyall feare :
Which strooke her sad, and then it faster rockt,
Vntill her husbands vwellfare she did heare,
Wherat she smiled with so sweet a cheare
That had Narsissus seen her as she stood,
Selfe-loue had never drown'd hua in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?
All Orators are dumbe when beauty pleads,
Poore wretches haue remorse in poore abuses,
Loue thrives not in the heart that shadowes dreads,
Affection is my Captaine and he leades :
And when this gaudy banner is displaide,
The coward fights and will not be dismayde.

Then childish fears auant, debating die,
Respect and Reason vuite on wrinkled age :
My heart shall never countermand mine eye,
Sad Pause and deepe Regard beseems the sage,
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.
Desire my pilot is, Beauty my pris,
Then who feares sinking where such treasure lies.

As corne ore-grownne by weeds, so heedfull feare
Is almost cloakt by vnresisted lust,
Awax he steales with open listning eare,
Full of foule hope and full of fond mistrust :
Both which as seruitors to the vniust
So crosse him with their opposit perswasion,
That now he vovves a league, and now inuasion.

Within his thought her heauenly image sits,
And in the selfe same seat sits Colatine,
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits,
That eye which him beholds, as more diuine
Vnto a view so false will not incline.

Bur

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THE RAPE

But with a pure appeale seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worser part.

And therein hartens vp his seruile powers,
VVho flattered by their leaders iocund shew,
Stuffe vp his lust, as minutes fill vp houres.
And as their Captaine so their pride doth grow,
Paying more flauish tribute then they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led
The Romane Lord doth march to Lucrece bed.

The lockes between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforst, recites his ward,
But as they open they all rate his ill,
VVhich drives the creeping sheepe to some regard.
The threshold grates the dore to haue him heard.
Night-wandring Weezles shreeke to see him there,
They fright him, yet he still pursues his feare.

As each vnwilling portall yeelds him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place,
The winde wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blowes the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case.
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffes forth another winde that fires the torch.

And being lighted by the light he spies
Lucreciaes gloue, wherein her needle stickes,
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks:
As who should say this gloue to wanton trickes
Is not inur'd, returne againe in hast,
Thou seest our Mistresse ornaments are chaste.

But all these poore forbiddings could not stay him,
He in the worst sence construes their deniall:
The dores, the wind, the gloue that did delay him,

He

OF LVCRECE.

He takes for *accedent* all things of triall,
Or as those *barres* which stop the *hourely diall*,
Who with a *lingring stay* his *courſe* doth let,
Till every *minute* payes the *houre* his *debt*.

So, so, quoth he, these *lets* attend the *time*,
Like little *froſts* that sometime threat the *spring*,
To adde a more *reioyng* to the *prime*,
And give the *sneaped* *birds* more *cause* to *sing*,
Paine paies the *income* of ech *precious thing*,
Huge *rocks*, high *winds*, strong *pirates*, *shelues* and *sands*,
The *merchant* feares, ere rich at *home* he *lands*.

Now is he come vnto the *chamber dore*,
That shuts him from the *heauen* of his *thought*,
Which with a *yeelding latch* and with no more,
Hath bard him from the *blessed thing* he sought,
So from himselfe *impiety* hath wrought
That for his *Prey* to pray he doth begin,
As if the *heauens* should countenance his *sinne*.

But in the midſt of his *vnfruitfull* *prayer*,
Hauing ſollicited th' *eternall power*,
That his *foule thoughts* might *compaffe* his *fair, faire*,
And they would stand *auspicious* to the *houre*,
Euen there he ſtarts, quoth he, I must defloure:
The *powers* to whom I pray, abhor this *fact*
How can they then *allift* me in the *act*?

Then *loue* and *fortune* be my *Gods*, my *guide*,
My *will* is backt with *resolution*:
Thoughts are but *dreames* till their *effects* be tried,
Blacke *sinne* is cleard with *absolution*,
Against *loues* *fire*, *feares* *froſt* hath *dissolution*.
The *eye* of *heauen* is *out*, and *mift* *night*
Covers the *ſhame* that *followes* *ſweet* *delight*.

This ſaid his *guilty* hand pluckt vp the *latch*,

B

And

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Shakespear

THE R A P E

And with his *knee* the *dore* he opens wide,
The *Doue* sleeps fast that this *night Owle* will catch.
Thus *treason* works ere *traitors* be espied :
VVho sees the lurking *serpent* steps aside;
But she sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortall *sting*.

Into the *chamber* wickedly he stalkes,
And gazeth on her yet *vnstained bed* :
The *curtaines* being close, about he walkes,
Rouling his *greedy eye-bals* in his *head*,
By their high *treason* is his *heart* misled.
Which giues the *watch-word* to his *hand* too soone,
To draw the *cloude* that hides the *siluer Moone*.

Looke as the faire and fiery pointed *Sunne*,
Rushing from forth a *cloud*, bereaues our *sight* :
Euen so the *curtaine* drawne his *eies* begun
To *winke*, being blinded with a greater *light*.
Whether it is that she reflects so bright
That dazeleth them, or else some *shame* supposed,
But blind they are, and keep themselues inclosed.

O had they in that darksome *prison* died,
Then had they seen the *period* of their ill ;
Then *Colatine* againe by *Lucrece* side,
In his cleare *bed* might haue reposed still :
But they must ope this blessed league to kill :
And holy-thoughted *Lucrece* to their *sight*,
Must sell her *joy*, her *life*, her *worlds delight*.

Her lilly *hand* her *rose* cheekes lies vnder,
Coosening the *pillow* of a lawfull *kisse*.
Who therefore angry, seems to part in *sunder*,
Swelling on either side to want his *blisse*,
Between whose hils her head intombed is.
Where like a *virtuous man*:ment she lies.

To

OF LVCRECE.

To be admir'd of lewde vnhallowed eies.

Without the bed hir other faire hand was,
On the greene couerlet, whose perfect white
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the grasse,
With pearly swet, resembling derwe of night.
Her eyes like Marigolds had sheathed their light,
And canopied in darknesse sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.

Her haire like golden thredes plaid with her breath,
O modest wantons, wanton modesty !
Showring lyses triumph in the map of death,
And deaths dim looke in lyses mortality.
Each in her sleepe themselues so beautifie,
As if between them twaine there were no strife,
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts like iuory globes cirdled with blew,
A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered :
Saue of their Lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred.
Who like a toule rsuper went about,
From this faire throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightely he noted ?
What did he note, but strongly he desired ?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilfull eye he tired.
With more then admiration he admired
Her azure raines her alabaster skinne,
Her corall lips her snow white dimpled chin.

As the grim Lion fauneth ore his pray,
Sharpe hunger by the conquest satisfied :
So ore this sleeping soule doth TARQVIN stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified.

THE R A P E

Slackt, not supprest, for standing by her side,
His eye which late this *mutiny* restraines,
Vnto a greater *pros* tempts his vaines.

And they like stragling *slaves* for pillage fighting,
Obdurate *vassals* fell exploits effecting :
In bloody *death* and *rauishment* delighting,
Nor *childrens* teares nor *mothers* gromes respecting,
Swell in their *pride*, the onset still expecting.
Anon his beating *heart* alarum striking,
Giues the hot *charge* and bids them doe their liking.

His drumming *heart* cheares vp his *burning* *eye*,
His *eye* commends the leading to his *hand* :
His *hand* as proud of such a *dignity*,
Smoking with *pride*, marcht on to make his *stand*
On her bare *breasts*, the *heart* of all her land,
VVhose ranckes of blyv *vaines* as his hand did scale,
Left their round *turrets* destitute and pale.

They mustring to the quiet *Cabinet*,
Where their deare *gouvernisse* and *Lady* lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their *cries*.
She much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp *eies*.
Who peeping foorth this *tumult* to behold,
Are by his flaming *torch* dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of *night*,
From forth dull *sleepe* by dreadfull *fancy* waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some gastral *sprite*,
Whose grim *aspect* sets every *ioynt* a shaking,
What *terrour* tis : but she in worser taking,
From *sleepe* disturbed, heedfully doth view,
The *sight* which makes supposed *terror* rue.
5
Lucretia
wakes a-
mazed and
confoun-
ded to be
so surprised
Wrapt and confounded in a thousand *fear*s,
Like to a new-kild *bird* she trembling lies :

She

OF LVCRECE.

She dares not looke, yet winking there appeares
Quicke shifting Antiques vgly in her eyes,
Such shadowes are the weake braines forgeries,
Who angry that the eyes flic from their lights,
In darknesse daunts them with more dreadfull sights.

His hand that yet remaines vpon her brest,
(Rude Ram to batter such an Ivory wall :)
May feele her heart (poore Citizen) distrest,
Wounding it selfe to death, rise vp and fall:
Beating her bulke, that his hand shakes withall.

This moues in him more rage and lesser pitty,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet City.

First like a trumpet doth his tongue begin,
To sound a parly to his hartlesse foe,
Who ore the white sheete peeres her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarme to know,
Which he by dumbe demeanor seekes to shew:
But she with vehement prayers vrgeth still,
Vnder what colour he commits this ill?

Thus he replies the colour in thy face,
That euен for anger makes the Lilly pale,
And the red Rose blush at her owne disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my louing tale.
Vnder that colour am I come to scale
Thy neuer conquered Fort, the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I forestall thee: if thou meane to chide,
Thy beauty hath insnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that markes thee for my earths delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might.
But as reprofe and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty it was newly bred.

THE RAPE 10

I see what crosses my attempts will bring,
I know what thornes the growing Rose defends,
I thinke the hony garded with a sting,
All this before hand counsell comprehends.
But will is deafe, and heares no heedfull friends.

Onely he hath an eie to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he lookes, gainst law or duty.

I haue debated euen in my soule,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed.
But nothing can affection's course controle
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed,
I know repentant teares inuse the deed.
Reproch, disdaine, and deadly enmity,
Yet striue I to imbrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Romane blade,
Which like a Falcon towring in the skies,
Coucheth the fowle belowe with his wings shade,
Whose crooked beake threats, if he mount he dies.
So vnder his insulting Fauchion lies

Harmelesse Lucretia, marking what he tels,
With trembling feare, as fowle heare Faulcons bels.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee;
If thou deny, then force must work my way:
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthless slave of thine ile slay,
To kill thine honor with thy liues decay.

And in thy dead armes doe I meane to place him,
Swearing I slew him seeing thee imbrace him.

So thy suruiuing husband shall remaine,
The scornefull marke of euery open eye,
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdaine,
Thy issue blurd with namelesse bastardy:
And thou the Author of their obloquy.

Shall

OF LVCRECE.

Shall haue thy *trespass* cited vp in times,
And sung by *children* in succeeding times.

But if thou yeeld, I rest thy secret friend,
The fault *unknowne* is as a thought *vnacted*,
A little *harme* done to a great *good* end,
Fot lawfull *policy* remaines enacted.
The poisonous *simple* sometime is compacted
In purest compounds; being so applied,
His *venome* in effect is purified.

Then for thy *husband* and thy *childrens* sake,
Tender my *suit*, bequeath not to their *lot*
The *shame* that from them no *device* can take,
The *blemish* that will never be forgot:
Worse then a *flauish* *wife*, or *birth-houres* *blot*:
For *markes* desctried in mens *natiuity*,
Are *Natures* *faults*, not their *owne* *infamy*.

Here with a *Cocke-trice* dead killing eye,
He rowseth vp himselfe, and makes a pause,
While she the *picture* of pure *piety*,
Like a white *Hinde* beneath the gr:pes sharpe *clawes*,
Pleads in a *wildernes* where are no *lawes*.
To the rough *beast*, that knowes no *gentle* *right*,
Nor ought obeys but his *foule* *appetite*.

But when a *blacke-fac'd* *cloud* the *world* doth threat,
In his dim *mist* the *aspiring* *mountaine* hiding,
From *earths* darke *wombe* some *gentle* *gust* doth get,
Which blow these pitchy *vapours* from their *biding*,
Hindring their present fall by this *diuiding*.
So his *vnhallowed* *haste* her *words* deliues,
And *moody* *Pluto* *winkes* while *Orpheus* *plaies*.

Yet *foule* *night* *waking* *Cat* he doth but *dally*,
VVhile in his *hold-faile* *foot* the *weake* *mouse* *panteth*.
Her *sad* *behaviour* feeds his *vulture* *folly*.

THE RAPE

A swallowing gulfe that euen in plenty wanteth:
His eare her *prayers* admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining,
Teares harden lust, though marble weares with rayning.

Her pitty-pleading *eyes* are sadly fixed
In the remorselesse *wrinkles* of his face :
Her modest *eloquence* with *sighes* is mixed,
Which to her *Oratory* ads more grace.
She puts the *period* often from his place,
And midst the *sentence* so her *accent* breakes,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speakes.

6
Lucrece
pleadeth
in defence
of chastity
and ex-
probate
his vnciuill
lust.

She coniures him by high *Almighty Ioue*,
By *Knighthood*, *Gentry*, and *sweet friendships* oath,
By her *vntimely teares*, her *husbands* *loue*,
By *holy humane law*, and *common troth*,
By *heauen* and *earth*, and all the *power* of both,
That to his borrowed *bed* he make retire,
And stoope to *Honor*, not to *foule desire*.

Quoth she, reward not *Hospitality*
With such *blacke painment* as thou hast pretended,
Mudde not the *fountaine* that gave *drinke* to thee,
Marre not the *thing* that cannot be amended :
End thy ill *ayme*, before thy *shoot* be ended.
He is no *Wood-man* that doth bend his *bow*
To strike a poore *vnseasonable Doe*.

My *Husband* is thy *friend*, for his sake spare me,
Thy selfe art mighty, for thine owne sake leauue me :
My selfe a *weakeling*, doe not then insnare me.
Thou look'ſt not like *deceipt*, do not deceiue me.
My *sighes* like *whirlwinds* labour hence to heauue thee :
If euer *man* were mou'd with *womans* *mones*,
Be moued with my *teares*, my *sighes*, my *grones*.

All which together like a troubled *Ocean*,

Beat

OF LVCRECE.

Beat at thy rocky, and wrack-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continuall motion :
For stones dissolu'd, to water doe conuert.
O if no harder then a stone thou art,
Melt at my teares and be compassionate,
Soft pitty enters at an yron gate.

In T A R Q V I N S likenesse I did entertaine thee,
Hast thou put on his shape to doe him shame ?
To all the hoste of heauen I complaine me.
Thou wrongst his Honor, woundst his princely name,
Thou art not what thou seemst, and if the same,
Thou seemst not what thou art, a God, a King,
For Kings like Gods should gouerne every thing.

How will thy shame be feeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?
If in thy hope thou darst do such outrage.
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a King ?
O be remembred, no outragious thing
From vassall actors can be wipt away
Then Kings misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed shall make thee only lou'd for feare,
But happy Monarchs still are feard for loue :
With foule offenders thou perforce must beare,
When they in thee the like offences proue :
If but for feare of this, thy wil remoue.
For Princes are the glasse, the schoole, the booke,
VVhere subiects eies doe learne, doe read, doe looke.

And wilt thou be the schoole where lust shall learne ?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?
VVilt thou be glasse wherein it shall discerne
Authority for sinne, warrant for blame ?
To priuiledge dishonor in thy name.
Thou back'st reproch against long living laud,
And makst faire Reputation but a baud,

Shakespeare

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Haft

THE R A P E

Hast thou command ? by him that gane it thee
From a pure *heart* command thy rebell *will* :
Draw not thy *sword* to gard *iniquity*,
For it was lent thee all that *brood* to kill,
Thy princely *office* how canst thou fulfill
When patternd by thy *fault*, *foule sinne* may say,
He learnd to *sinne*, and thou didst teach the *way* ?

Thinke but how vile a *spectacle* it were,
To view thy present *trespass* in another :
Mens *faults* doe sildome to themselues appeare,
Their owne transgressions partially they smother :
This *guilt* would seem death-worthy in thy *brother*.
O how are they wrapt in with *infamies*,
That from their owne *misdeeds* askaunce their *eies*.

To thee, to thee, my heau'd vp *hands* appeale,
Not to seducing *lust* thy rash reply :
I sue for exild *maiesties* repeale,
Let him returne and flattering *thoughts* retire.
His true *respect* will prison false *desire*,
And wipe the dim *mist* from thy doting *eies*,
That thou shalt see thy *state* and pitty *mine*.

7
Tarquin
all impati-
ent inter-
rupts her
and denied
of consent
breaketh
the enclo-
sure of her
chastity by
force.

Haue done, quoth he, my vncontrolled *tide*
Turnes not, but swels the higher by this let,
Small *lights* are loone blowne out, huge *fires* abide,
And with the *winde* in greater fury fret :
The pretty *streames* that pay a daily *debt*
To their salt *soueraigne* with their fresh fals haft,
Adde to this *flowe* but alter not his *taste*.

Thou art (quoth she) a sea, a soueraigne King,
And loe, there falleth into thy boundlesse *flood*,
Blacke *lust*, *dishonor*, *shame*, *misgouerning*.
Who seekc to staine the Ocean of thy *bloud*.
If all these perty ils shall change thy *good*,

Thy

OF LVCRECE.

Thy sea within a puddle wombe is hersed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be King, and thou their slave :
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified :
Thou their faire life, and they thy fouler graise :
Thou lothed in their shame, they in thy pride,
The lesser thing should not the greater hide.
The Cedar stoops not to the base shrubs foot,
But low shrubs wither at the Cedars root.

So let thy thoughts lowr vassals to thy state,
No more, quoth he, by heauen I will not heare thee ;
Yeeld to my loue, if not, enforced hate,
In stead of loues coy touch shall rudely teare thee :
That done, despightfully I meane to beare thee
Vnto the base bed of some rascall groome,
To be thy partner in this shamefull doome.

This said, he sets his foot vpon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies :
Shame folded vp in blind concealing night,
When most vnseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The Wolfe hath seizd his Prey, the poore Lambe cries
Till with her owne white fleece her voice controll'd,
Intombs her outcry in her lips sweet fold.

For with the mighty linen that she vweares,
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chasteſt reares,
That euer modest eies with sorrow ſhed.
O that fowle lust ſhould ſtaine ſo pure a bed :
The ſpots whereof could weeping purifie,
Her teares ſhould drop on them perpetually.

But ſhe hath lost a dearer thing then life,
And he hath won what he wwould loſe againe :
This forced league doth force a further ſtrife,

This

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THE R A P E

This momentary *joy* breeds months of *paine*,
 This *hot desire* conuerts to *cold disdaine* :
 Pure *Chastity* is rifled of her *store*,
 And *lust*, the theefe, far poorer then before.

Looke as the ful-fed *Hound* or gorged *Hawke*,
 Vnapt for tender *smell* or speedy *flight*,
 Make slowv pursuit, or altogether bauke
 The *prey* wherein by nature they delight :
 So surfeit-taking *TARQVIN* fares this night.
 His taste delicious, in digestion sowing,
 Deuoures his *will*, that liu'd by foule deuouring.

O deeper sinne then bottomlesse *conceit*
 Can comprehend in still imagination !
 Drunken *Desire* must vomit his *receipt*,
 Ere he can see his owne abomination.
 While *lust* is in his pride no exclamation
 Can curbe his heat, of reine his rash desire,
 Till like a Iade, selfe-will himselfe doth tire.

And then with lanke and leane discolour'd cheeke,
 With heauy eye, knit brow, and strengthlesse pace,
 Feeble *desire* all recreant, poore and meeke,
 Like to a bankerout begger wailes his case :
 The flesh being proud, *Desire* doth fight with grace :
 For there it reuels, and when that decaies,
 The guilty *rebel* for remission praies.

So fares it with this fault-full Lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;
 For, now against himselfe he sounds this doome,
 That through the length of *times* he stands disgraced :
 Besides, his soules faire temple is defaced :
 To whose vweake *ruines* muster troopes of *cares*,
 To aske the spotted *Princesse* how she fares.

She saies her *subiects* with foule insurrection,

Have

OF LVCRECE.

Haue battred downe her consecrated wall,
And by their mortall fault brought in subiection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and paine perpetuall.

VVhich in her *prescience* she controled still,
But her *foresight* could not forestall their *will*.

Euen in this thought through the darke night he stealeth
A captiue victor that hath lost in gaine :
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will despight of Cure remaine ;
Leauing his spoile perplext in greater paine.
She beares the load of lust he left behinde,
And he the burthen of a guilty minde.

He like a theeuish dog creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied Lambe lies panting there :
He scowles and hates himselfe for his offence,
She desperate, with her *nailes*, her *flesh* doth teare,
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty feare ;
She staies exclaiming on the direfull night ;
He runs and chides his vanisht loth'd delight.

He thence departs a heauy *conuertite*,
Shethere remaines a hopelesse *cast-away* :
He in his speed lookes for the morning light :
She prayes she never may behold the *day*,
For day, quoth she, night scapes doth open lay :
And my true eies haue never practizd how,
To cloake offences with a cunning brow.

They thinke not but that every eye can see,
The same *disgrace* which they themselues behold :
And therefore would they still in darknesse lie,
To haue their *vnseene sinne* remaine *vn told* :
For they their guilt with weeping will *vnfold*,
And graue, like water that doth eate in steele,
Upon my checks what helplesse shame I feele.

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Here

THE RAPE

8
Lucrece
 has abu-
 ed com-
 plaines on
 her misery.

Here she exclaims against *repose* and *rest*,
 And bids her *eyes* hereafter still be blind:
 She wakes her *heart* by beating on her *brest*,
 And bids it leape from thence, where it may finde
 Some purer *chest*, to close so pure a minde.
 Franticke with grieve thus breaths she forth her spight,
 Against the *vnseene* secrecy of *night*.

O comfort-killing *night*, image of *Hell*,
 Dim register, and notary of *shame*,
 Blacke *stage* for tragedies and *murthers* fell,
 Vast sinne concealing *Chaos*, nurse of *blame*,
 Blind muzzled *bawde*, darke *harbor* for *defame*,
 Grim caue of *death*, whispring *conspirator*
 With close tongu'd *treason*, and the *rauisher*.

O hatefull, vaporous and foggynight,
 Since thou art guilty of my curelesse *crime*:
 Muster thy *myst* to meet the Easterne *light*,
 Make war against proportion'd course of *time*:
 Or if thou wilst permit the *Sunne* to clime
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to *bed*,
 Knit poysinous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten *damps* rauish the *morning* *ayre*,
 Let their exhal'd *vnholesome* breaths make *sick*e
 The life of *purity*, the *supreme* *faire*,
 Ere he arive his *weary* *noon*. *tide* *pricke*.
 And let thy *mysty* *vapors* march so *thicke*,
 That in their *smoaky* *ranks* his *smothered* *light*
 May set at *noone* and make *perpetuall* *night*.

Were Tarquin *night* as he is but *nights* *child*,
 The *siluer* *shining* *Queen* he would *disdaine*,
 Her *twinckling* *handmaids* to (by him *defild*)
 Through *nights* *blacke* *bosome* should not *peep* *againe*.
 So should I haue *copartners* in my *paine*.

And

OF LVCRECE.

And fellowship in woe doth woe asswage,
As Palmers that makers short their Pilgrimage.

VVhere now I haue no one to blush with me,
To crosse their *armes* and hang their *heads* with mine,
To maske their browes and hide their *infamy*,
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with *showres* of siluer brine,
Mingling my talke wwith *teares*, my *griefe* wwith *grones*
Poore wafting *monuments* of lasting *mones*.

O night thou *furnace* of foule reeking smoke,
Let not the *jealous* day behold that face
VVhich vnderneath thy blacke all-hiding *cloke*
Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace.
Keepe still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy raigne are made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy *shade*.

Make me not *obje^t* to the tel-tale day,
The light shall shew charactred in my brow,
The *story* of sweet *chastities* decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlockes *vow*.
Yea, the illeterate that know not how
To cipher what is wright in learned booke,
Will quote my lothsome trespassse in my looke.

The *nurſe* to still her *child* wwill tell my *ſtory*,
And fright her crying *babe* wwith *Tarquins* name :
The *Orator* to decke his *oratory*,
VVill couple my reproch to *Tarquins* shame,
Feast finding *minſtreſ* tuning my defame
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How *Tarquin* wronged me, I C O L A T I N E.

Let my good *name*, that ſencaleſſe reputation,
For C O L A T I N E ſ deare *love* be kept vnspotted :
If that be made a *ſheame* for *diſputation*,

The

Shakespeare

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THE RAPE

The branches of another root are rotted,
And vndeserv'd reproch to him allotted,
That is as cleare from this attaint of mine,
As I ere this, was pure to C O L A T I N E.

O vnseene shame, invisible disgrace!
O vnfelt sore, crest-wounding priuate scarre:
Reproch is stamp't in C O L A T I N E s face,
And Tarquins eye may read the mot a far,
How he in *peace* is wounded, not in *warre*.
Alas how many beare such shamefull blowes,
Which not themselues but he that gives them knowes?

If Colatine thine honor lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft:
My hony lost, and I a Drone-like bee,
Haue no perfection of my sommer left,
But rob'd and ransackt by iniurious theft.

In thy weake hive a wandring waspe hath crept,
And suckt the hony which thy chaste Bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy *honors* wracke;
Yet for thy *honor* did I entertaine him;
Comming from thee I could not put him backe:
For it had been dishonor to disdaine him,
Besides of weariness he did complaine him,
And talke of *virtue* (O vnlookt for euill)
VVhen *virtue* is prophan'd in such a *Diuell*.

VVhy should the worme intrude the maiden bud?
Or hatefull Cuckowes hatch in Sparrowes nests?
Or Todes infect faire founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant Folly lurke in gentle brests?
Or Kings be breakers of their owne behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers vp his gold,

OF LVCRECE.

Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painfull fits,
And scarce hath eies his treasure to behold,
But like still pining Tantalus he sits,
And vselesse bannes the haruest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gaine,
But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

So then, he hath it when he cannot vse it :
And leaves it to be mastred by his yong,
VVho in their pride doe presently abuse it :
Their father was too weake, and they too strong :
To hold their cursed-blessed fortunelong.
The sweets vve wish for turne to loathed fowers,
Euen in the moment that vve call them ours.

Vnruyl blastes wait on the tender spring,
Vnholome weeds take root with precious flowers :
The Adder hisseth where the sweet birds sing :
What vertue breeds, iniquity devours :
VVe haue no good that vve can say is ours :
But ill-annexed Opportunity,
Or kills his life, or els his quality.

O Opportunity thy guilt is great ;
Tis thou that execut'st the traitors treason :
Thou sets the Wolfe vwhere he the Lambe may get :
Who euer plots the sinne thou points the season.
Tis thou that spurnst at right, at law, at reason.
And in thy shady Cell where none may spie her,
Sits Sinne to seaze the soules that wander by her.

Thou mak'st the Vestall violate her oath :
Thou blowest the fire when Temperance is thawd ;
Thou smotherst honestie, thou murtherst trouth ;
Thou fowle abettor, thou notorions band :
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud.
Thou ranisher, thou traitor, thou false theefe,
Thy honey turnes to gall, thy ioy to griefe.

C

Thy

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THE RAPE

Thy secret pleasure turnes to open shame ;
Thy private feasting to a publicke fast :
Thy smothering titles to a ragged name :
Thy sugred tongue to bitter wormwood taste :
Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile opportunity
Being so bad, such numbers seeke for thee?

VVhen wilt thou be the humble suppliants friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained ?
VVhen wilt thou sort an houre great strifes to end ?
Or free that soule which wretchednesse hath chained ?
Giue physick to the sicke, ease to the pained ?

The poore, lame, blinde, halt, creep, cry out for thee ;
But they nere met with opportunity.

The Patient dies while the Physician sleepes ;
The Orphan pines while the Oppressor feeds :
Iustice is feasting while the widow weeps :
A duise is sporting while infection breeds,
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murther rages,
Thy hainous honres wait on them as their pages.

VVhen Trueth and Vertue haue to doe with thee
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid ;
They buy thy helpe, but Sinne nere giues a fee,
He gratis comes, and thou art wwell apaid
As wwell to heare, as grant what he hath said.

My Colatine would else haue come to me :
VVhen Tarquin did, but he was staid by thee.

Guilty thou art of murther and of theft,
Guilty of periury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery and shift,
Guilty of incest that abomination,
An accessory by thine inclination

To

OF LVCRECE.

To all sinnes past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the generall doome.

Mishapen time, copesmate of vgly night,
Swift subtile post, carrier of grilly care,
Eater of youtb, false flau^t to false delight,
Bale watch of woes, sins packe-horse, vertues snare;
Thou nurcest all, and murtherest all that are:

O heare me then, iniurious shifting time,
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

VVhy hath thy seruant Opportunity
Betrai^d the houres thou gau^t me to repose?
Canceld my fortunes and inchained me
To endlesse date of neuer-ending woes?
Times office is to fine the hate of foes,
To eate vp error by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawfull bed.

Times glory is to calme contending Kings,
To vnmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stampe the seale of time in aged things,
To wake the morne and centinell the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy houres:
And simeare with dust their glittering golden towres.

To fill wwith worme-holes stately monuments,
To feede oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old booke^s, and alter their contents,
To plucke the quils from ancient Rauens wings.
To dry the old oakes sap, and cherish springs.
To spoile antiquities of hammered steele,
And turne the giddy round of Fortunes vwheel.

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a childe,
To slay the Tygre that doth live by slaughter.

THE R A P E

To tame the *Unicorne* and *Lyon* wild,
To mocke the *subtile* in themselues beguild.
To cheare the *Plowman* with increasefull *crops*,
And waste huge *stones* with little *water drops*.

Why work'st thou mischiefe in thy *pilgrimage*,
Vnlesse thou couldst returne to make amends?
One poore retyning *minute* in an *age*,
VVould purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him *wit* that to bad *dettors* lends,
O this dread *night*, wouldest thou one *houre* come back
I could preuent this *storme* and shun this *wreake*.

Thou ceaselesse lackie to *Eternity*,
VVith some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight
Deuise *extreames* beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimefull *night*:
Let gasty *shadowes* his lewd *eies* affright,
And the dire *thought* of his committed euill.
Shape every *bush* a hideous shapelesse *Dinell*.

Disturbe his *houres* of *rest* with restlesse *trances*
Afflict him in his *bed* with *bedred groanes*:
Let there bechance him pittifull *mischances*,
To make him mone, but pitty not his *mones*:
Stone him with hardned harts *harder* then stone,
And let mild *women* to him loose their *mildnesse*,
VVilder to him then *Tygers* in their *wildnesse*.

Let him haue *time* to teare his curled haire,
Let him haue *time* against himselfe to rauie,
Let him haue *time* of times helpe to despaire,
Let him haue *time* to liue a loathed *slave*,
Let him haue *time* a beggars *orts* to craue:
And *time* to see one that by *almes* doth liue,
Disdaine to him disdained *scraps* to give.

Let him haue *time* to see his *friends* his *foes*,

And

THE RAPE.

And merry fooles to mocke at him resort :
Let him haue time to marke how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly, and his time of sport.

And euer let his vnrecalling time,
Haue time to waile th' abusing of his time.

O time thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taughts this ill,
At his owne shadow let the theefe runne mad,
Himselfe, himselfe seeke every houre to kill,
Such wretched bands such wretched blood should spill.

For who so base vwould such an office haue
As slanderous deaths-man to so base a flau?

The baser is he, comming from a King,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate,
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or hegets him hate:
For greatest scandall waites on greatest fate.

The Moone being clouded presently is mist,
But little Starres may hide them whien they list.

The Crow may bathe his cole-blacke wings in mire,
And vnperceiu'd flye with the filth away,
But if the like the snow-white Swan desire,
The staine vpon his siluer Downe vwill stay.
Poore gromes are sightlesse night, Kings glorious day,
Gnats are vnnoted wheresoere they flye,
But Eaglesgaz'd vpon with euery eye.

Our idle words, seruants to shallow fooles,
Vnprofitable sounds, vveake arbitrators,
Busie your selues in kil-contending schooles,
Debate where leasure serues with dul debatours:
To trembling Clyents be you mediators,
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

THE RAPE

In vaine I raile at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and vnsearched night :
In vaine I cauill with mine infamy,
In vaine I spurne at my confirm'd despight :
This helplesse smoke of words doth me no right ;
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let foorth my foule defiled blood.

Poore band, why quierest thou at this decree ?
Honor thy selfe to rid me of this shame,
For if I die, my Honor liues in thee,
But if I liue, thou liu'st in my defame ;
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyall Dame :
And wast affeard to scratch her wicked Foe,
Kill both thy selfe and her for yeelding so.

This said from her betumbled couch she starts,
To finde some desperate instrument of death,
But this no slaughterhouse no toole imparts,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thrusing through her lips so vanisheth
As smoake from Aetna, that in aire consumes,
Or that which from discharged Canon fumes.

In vaine (quoth she) I liue, and seeke in vaine
Some happy meane to end a haplesse life :
I fear'd by Tarquins Fauchion to be slaine,
Yet for the selfe-same purpose seeke a knife :
But when I feard, I was a loyall wife,
So am I now: O no that cannot be,
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O that is gone for which I sought to liue,
And therefore now I need not feare to die,
To cleare this spot by death (at least) I giue
A badge of Fame to slanders liuery,
A dying life to liuing infamy.

Poore

OF LVGRECE.

Poore helpleſſe helps the treasure ſtolne away,
To burne the guiltleſſe casket where it lay.

Well well deare Colatine thou ſhalt not know
The ſtained taſt of violated troth :
I will not wrong thy true affection ſo,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath :
This baſtard graffe ſhall neuer come to growth,
He ſhall not boast who did thy ſtocke pollute,
That thou art doting father of hiſ fruit.

Nor shall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
Nor laugh with hiſ compaſſions at thy ſtate,
But thou ſhalt know thy iuereſt was not bought
Baſely with gold, but ſtolne from forth thy gate,
For me I am the miſtrefſe of my fate
And with my trepaſſe neuer will diſpence,
Till life to death acquit my forſt offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coyn'd excuses,
My ſable ground of ſinne I will not paint,
To hide the trueth of thiſ falſe nights abuſes :
My tongue ſhall viter all, mine eyes like ſluces
As from a mountaine ſpring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure ſreames to purge my impure tale.

By thiſ lamenting Philomele had ended,
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly ſorrow,
And ſolemne night with ſlow ſad gate descended
To ougly Hell, when loe the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to all faire eyes that light would borrow.
But clowdy Lucrece ſhames her ſelfe to ſee,
And therefore ſtill in night would cloiſtred be.

Reuealing day through every cranny ſpies,
And ſeems to point her out where ſhe ſits weeping,
To whom ſhe ſobbing ſpeakes, O eye of eyes,

9
Lucrece
continuing
her la-
ments, diſ-
puteth
whether
ſhe ſhould
kill her
ſelfe or no.

Why

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Shakespeare

OF LVCRECE.

Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping,
Mock with thy tickling beames, eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cauls she with every thing she sees,
True griefe is fond and testie as a childe,
Who way-ward once, his mood with nought agrees,
Old woes, not infant sorrowes bear them milde;
Continuance tames the one, the other wilde
Like an vnpractiz'd swimmer plunging stil,
With too much labour drowns for want of skil;

So she deepe drenched in a Sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she viewes,
And to her selfe all sorrow doth compare,
No obiect but her passions strength renevves,
And as one shifts another straight insevves,
Sometimes her griefe is dumbe and hath no words,
Sometime tis mad and too much talke affords.

The little birds that tune their mornings joy,
Make her mones mad with their sweete melodie,
For mirth doth search the bottome of annoy,
Sad soules are slaine in merry company,
Griefe best is pleased with grieves societie?
True sorrow then is feelingly suffiz'd
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

Tis double death to drowne in ken of shore,
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,
To see the salve doth make the wound ake more,
Great griefe grieues most at that would do it good,
Deepe woes roule forward like a gentle floud.
Who being stopt, the bounding banks o'reflowves,
Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowves.

You mocking Birds (quoth she) your tunes intombe
With

OF LVCRECE.

Within your hollow swelling feathred breasts,
And in my hearing be you euer dumbe,
My restlesse discord loues no stops nor resis;
A wofull hostesse brooks not merry guestes.
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing eares,
Distresse likes dumpes when time is kept wth eares.

Come Philomele that singst of rauishment,
Make thy sad groue in my disheueld heare,
As the danke earth weepes at thy languishment,
So I at each sad straine, wll straine a teare,
And with deepe groanes the Diapason beare:
For burthen-wise Ile hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descants better skill.

And whiles against a thorne thou bearst thy part,
To keepe thy sharpe woes waking wretched I
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fixe a sharpe knife to affright mine eye,
Who if it winke, shall thereon fall and die.
These meanes as frets vpon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment,

And for poore bird thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold:
Some darke deepe desart leated from the way,
That knowes nor parching heat, nor freezing cold
Will we finde out: and there we wll vntold
To creatures stern, sad tunes to change their kinds
Since men proue beasts, let beasts beare gentle minds.

As the poore frightened Deere that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one incompasst with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily:
So with her selfe is she in mutinie,
To liue or die which of the twaine were better.

When

Shakespeare

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THE R A P E

When life is sham'd and death reproches detter.

To kill my selfe quoth she, alacke what were it,
But with my *body* my poore soules pollution?
They that loose *halfe* with greater patience beare it,
Then they whose *whole* is swallowed in confusion.
That *mother* tries a mercilesse conclusion
Who hauing two sweet *babes* when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My *body* or my *soule* which was the dearer?
When the *one* *pure*, the *other* made *diuine*,
Whose loue of either, to my selfe was nearer?
When both were kept for *Heauen* and *Colatine*
Ay me, the *barke* pild from the *lofty Pine*
His *leaves* will wither and his *sap* decay,
So must my *soule*, her *barke* being pild away.

Her *house* is sackt, her *quiet* interrupted,
Her *mansion* battered by the *enemy*,
Her *sacred Temple* sported, spoild, corrupted,
Grosly ingirt with daring infamy,
Then let it not be cald *impiety*
If in this blemisht fort I make some *hole*,
Through which I may conuey this troubled *soule*.

Yet die I will not till my *Colatine*
Haue heard the cause of my *untimely death*,
That he may vow in that *sad* *houre* of mine,
Reuenge on *him* that made me stop my *breath*,
My stained *bloud* to *Tarquin* ile bequeath,
VVhich by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
And as his due wright in my *Testament*.

My *honor* ile bequeath vnto the *knife*,
That wounds my *body* so dishonored:
Tis *Honor* to deprive dishonored life,
The *one* will liue, the *other* being dead.

OF LVCRECE.

So of shames asbes shall my Fame be bred:
For in my death I murther shamefull scorne,
My shame so dead, my honor is never borne.

Deare Lord of that deare Jewell I haue lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boſt,
By whose example thou reueng'd maſt be.
Hou Tarquin must be vſ'd, read it in me.
My ſelſe thy friend will kill my ſelſe thy foe,
And for my ſake ſcrue thou false Tarquin ſo.

This briete abridgement of my will I make,
My ſoule and body to the ſkies and ground,
My resolution (Husband) doe you take,
Mine honor be the kniſes that make my wound,
My shame be his that did my fame confound.
And all my fame that liues diſburſed be,
To thofe that liue and thinke no shame of me.

Then Colatine ſhall ouerſee this will,
How was I ouerſene that thou ſhalt ſee it?
My blond shall wash the ſlander of mine ill;
My lifes foule deed my lifes faire end ſhall free it.
Faint no faint heart, but stoutly lay, ſo be it.
Yeeld to my hand, my hand ſhall conquer thee,
Thou dead, both die, and both ſhall victors be.

This plot of death when ſadly ſhe had laid,
And wipt the brinell pearle from her bright eyes,
With vntun'd tongue ſhe hoarſely caſt her maid,
Whose ſwift obedience to her miſtrefſe hies,
For fleet-wingd duty with ſhoughts feathers flies
Poore Lucrece cheekeſ vnto her maid ſeeme ſo,
As winter meads vwhen ſunne doth melt their ſnow.

Her miſtrefſe ſhe doth giue demure good morrow,
With ſoft flow tongue, true markes of moideſty,

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Lucrece
reſolved to
kil her ſelſe
determines
firſt to ſend
her Hus-
band word.

And

THE RAPE

And sorte a sad looke to her *Ladies sorrow*,
(For why her face wvere sorrowes liuery.)
But durst not aske of her audaciously
Why her two suns wvere cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her faire cheeks ouer washt with woe.

But as the *earth* doth weepe the *Sun* being set,
Each *flower* moystned like a melting *eye*:
Euen so the *maid* wwith swelling drops gan weepe
Her circkled *eyne* enforc'd, by *sympathie*
Of those faire *Suns* set in her mistresse *skye*,
Who in a salt-wau'd *Ocean* quench their *light*.
Which makes the *maid* weepe like the *devvy night*.

A prettie while these pretty *creatures* stand,
Like iuory *conduits* corall *cisternes* filling:
One iustly weepe, the other takes in *hand*
No cause, but company of her drops spilling.
Their gentle *sex* to weepe are often willing,
Griuing themselues to gesse at other smarts,
And then they drowne their *eies*, or breake their *harts*.

For *men* haue marble, *women* waxen *minds*,
And therefore are they form'd as marble wwill,
The weake opprest, th' impreſſion of ſtrange *kinds*,
Is form'd in them by *force*, by *fraud* or *skill*.
Then call them not the *Authers* of their *ill*,
No more then *waxe* ſhall be accounted euill,
Wherein is ſtamp't the ſemblance of a *diuell*.

Their ſmoothneſſe like a *champaine* plainc,
Layes open all the little *wormes* that creepe,
In *men* as in a rough grovne grove remaine
Cane-keeping *evils* that obſcurely ſleepe.
Through chryſtall *walles* ech little *moſe* wwill peepe,
Though *men* can cover *crimes* wwith bold ſtern looks
Poore *womans* faces are their owne faults *bookes*.

No

OF LVCRECE.

No man inueighs against the withered flowre,
But chide rough winter that the flowre hath kild,
Not that *deuourd*, but that which doth *deuoure*
Is worthy blame, & let it not be held
Poore *womens* faults, that they are so fulsild
With mens *abuses*, those proud *Lords* to blame,
Make *weweake*-made *women* tenants to their *shame*.

The president whereof in *Lucrece* view,
Assail'd by night with *circumstances* strong
Of present *death* and *shame* that might issue,
By that her death to do her *husband* wrong:
Such danger to *resistance* did belong.
The dying feare through all her body spread,
And who cannot abuse a *body* dead?

By this milde patience bid faire *Lucrece* speake
To the poore *counterfeit* of her complayning:
My girlie, quoth she on what occasion breake
Those teares from thee, that downe thy *cheeks* are raining
If thou dost weepe for griefe of my sustaining,
Know gentle *wench*, it small availes my moode,
If teares could helpe, mine *owne* would do me good.

But tell me girlie, when went (and there she staid,
Til after a deepe groane) *Tarquin* from hence?
Madam ere I was vp (repli'd the maid,)
The more to blame my *sluggard* negligence:
Yet with the *faul't* I thus farre can dispence,
My selfe was stirring ere the breake of day,
And ere I rose was *Tarquin* gone awaie.

But Lady, if your *maid* may be so bold,
She would request to know your *beauiness*:
O peace (quoth *Lucrece*) if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it lesse:
For more it is then I can well expresse,

And

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THE RAPE

And that deep torture may be cald a Hell,
When more is felt then one hath power to tell.

Goe get me hither, paper, inke, and pen,
Yet saue that labour for I haue them heare,
(What should I say) one of my husbands men,
Bid thou be ready by and by to beare,
A Letter to my Lord, my loue, my deare,
Bid him with speede prepare to carry it,
The cause craues hast, and it will soone be writ.

Her maide is gone and she prepares to write,
First houering o're the paper with her quill,
Concept and grieve an eager combat fight,
What wit sets downe is blotted still with will,
This is too curious good, this blunt and ill.
Much like a prease of people at a dore,
Throng her inuentions which shall goe before.

At last shethus begins: Thou worthy Lord
Of that vnworthy wife that greeceth thee,
Health to thy person, next vouchsafet afford
(If euer loue thy L V C R E C E thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me.
So I commend me from our house in grieve,
My woes are tedious, though my words are briefe.

Here folds she vp the tenor of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ vncertainly,
By this short sedule Colatine may know
Her grieve, but not her grieves true quality
She dares not thereof make discouery,
Least he should hold it her owne grosse abuse,
Ere she with blood had staind her staind excuse.

Besides the life and feeling of her passion,
She hoards to spend, when he is by to heare her,
When sighes and grones and teares may grace the fashion
Of

OF LVCRECE.

Of her *disgrace*, the better so to cleare her
From that *suspition* vwhich the world might beare her.
To than this *blot* she wwould not blot the *letter*,
With words, till *actions* might become them better.

To see sad *sights* moues more then *heare* them told:
For then the *eye* interprets to the *ear*
The heauy *motion* that it doth behold
VVhen evry part a part of *woe* doth *beare* :
Tis but a part of *sorrow* that we *heare*.
Deepe *sounds* make lesser noise then *shallowe* *words*,
And *sorrow* ebs being blowne with *wind* of *words*.

Her *letter* now is seald, and on it wright,
At *Ardea* to my Lord with more than haste,
The *Post* attends and she deliuers it,
Charging the *soure fac'd* *groom* to high as fast
As lagging foules before the *Northren* *blast*.
Speed, more then *speed*, but dull and slow she deems,
Extremity still vrgeth such *extremes*.

The homely *villaine* cursies to her *lowe*,
And blushing on her with a stedfast *eye*
Receiuers the *scroll* without or *yea* or *no*,
And forthwith bashfull *innocence* doth lie,
But they whose *guilt* within their *bosomes* lie,
Imagine evry *eye* beholds their *blame*,
For *Lcocre* thought he blusht to see her *shame*.

VVhen silly *Groome* (God wot) it was defect
Of *spirit*, *life*, and bold *andacity*,
Such harmlesse *creatures* have a true respect
To talke in *deeds*, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but doe it leasurely.
Euen so this patterne of the worne out *age*,
Pawn'd honest *lookes* but laid no *words* to *gage*.

His kindled *duty* kindled her *mistrust*,
That

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THE RAPE

That two red fires in both their faces blazed,
She thought he blusht as knowing Tarquins lust,
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed,
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed :
The more she saw the bloud his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he returne againe,
And yet the duteous vassall scarce is gone,
The weary time she cannot entertaine,
For now tis stale to sigh, to weepe, and groane,
So wee hath wearied woe, mone tyred mone,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pawsing for meane to mourne some newer way.

At last she calst to minde where hangs a peece
Of skilfull painting, made for Priams Troy,
Before the vwhich is drawne the power of Greece,
For Hellenes rape the citie to destroy,
Threatning cloud-kissing Illion vwith annoy ;
Which the conceipted Painter drew so proud,
As heauen (it seemd) to kisse the turrets bowd.

A thousand lamentable obiects there
In scorne of Nature. Art gaue linelesse life :
Many a dire drop seemd a weeeping teare.
Shed for the slaughtered husband by the wife.
The red bloud reekd to shew the painters strife,
And dying eies gleemd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coales burnt out in tedious nights,

There might you see the labouring Pyoner
Begrimd with sweat, and smeared all with dust,
And from the towres of Troy there would appeare
The verie eies of men through loope-holes thrust,
Gazing vpon the Greeks vwith little lust,
Such sweet obseruance in this worke was had,

That

OF LVCRECE.

That one might see those farre off eies looke sad.

In great commanders, Grace and Maiestie
You might behold triumphing in their faces,
In youth quick-bearing and dexteritie,
And beere and shere the Painter interlaces
Pale cowards marching on with trembling paces,
Which hartlesse peasants did so well resemble,
That one woulde sweweare he saw them quake & tremble.

In Ajax and Plysses, O what Art
Of Phisiognomy might one behold !
The face of either cipher'd either's heart,
Their face, their maners most expressly told.
In Ajax eies blunt rage and rigor rold.
But the mild glance that flie Vlisselent,
Shevv'd deeps regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see graue Nestor stand
As'twere encouraging the Greekes to fight,
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguilde attention, charm'd the sight,
In speach it seemd his beard, al siluer white,
Wag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie
Thin winding breath, which purl'd vp to the skie.

About him were a prease of gaping faces
Which seem'd to swallow vp his sound advise :
All ioyntly listning, but with severall graces,
As if some Mermaid did their eares intise,
Some high, some low, the painter was so nise.
The scalpes of many almost hid behind,
To iump vp higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one mans band lean'd on anothers head.
His nose being shadowed by his neighbours eare,
Here one being throng'd beares backe al boln and red ;
Another smotherd, seemes to pelt and sweweare,

D

And

THE RAPE

And in their rage such signes of rage they bear,
As but for losse of Nestors golden wrodes,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swrdes.

For much imaginarie worke was there,
Conceips deceitfull, so compact so kinde,
That for Achilles image stood his speare
Gript in an armed hand, himselfe behinde
Was left vnseene, saue to the eye of minde,
A hand, a foote, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the wals of strong besieged Troy,
When their braue hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Troiane mothers sharing ioy,
To see their youthfull sonnes bright weapons wield,
And to their hope they such odde action yeld,
That through their light ioy seemed to appear,
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of beannie feare.

And from the strand of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois reedy banks the red bloud ran,
Whose wauers to imitate the battel sought
With swelling ridges, and their ranks began
To breake vpon the galled shore, and than
Retire againe, till meeting greater ranks
They ioyne, and shoot their fome at Simois banks.

To this well painted peere is Lucrece come,
To finde a face where all distresse is steld,
Many she sees, vwhere cares haue carued some,
But none vwhere all distresse and dolour dweld,
Til she dispairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priams wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding vnder Pirrhos proud foot lies.

In her the Painter had annotimiz'd
Times twine, Beauties wrack, and grim Cares raigne,

Her

OF LVCRECE.

Her *cheeks* with *chops* and *wrinkles* were *disguiz'd*,
Of what she *was*, no *semblance* did *remaine* ;
Her *blew blow'd* *chang'd* to *black* in *every rain*,
Wanting the *spring* that those *shrunken pipes* had *fed*
Shev'd *life* *imprison'd* in a *body dead*.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her *eyes*,
And shapes her *sorrow* to the *Beldames woes*,
Who nothing wants to *answering* her but *cries*,
And *bitter words* to *ban* her *cruell foes*.
The *Painter* *was* no *God* to *lend* her *those* ;
And therefore *Lucrece* *swear*es he did her *wrong*,
To *give* her *so much griefe*, and *not a song*.

Poore *instrument* (quoth she) without a *sound*,
Ile *tune* thy *woes* with my *lamenting tongue* :
And drop *sweet balme* in *Priams painted wound*,
And *raile* on *Pirrhus* that *hath done him wrong*,
And with my *teares* *quench* *Troy* that *burns so long* :
And with my *knife* *scratch* out the *angry eyes*
Of all the *Greeks*, that are *thine enemies*.

Shev me the *strumpet* that began this *burse*,
That with my *nailes* her *beautie* I may *teare* :
Thy *heat* of *lust* fond *Paris* did *incurre*
This *lode* of *wrath*, that *burning Troy* doth *beare* :
Thy *eye* kindled the *fire* that *burneth here*.
And here in *Troy* for *trespaſſe* of *thine eye*,
The *Sire*, the *Son*, the *Dame* and *Daughter die*.

Why should the *private pleasure* of *some one*
Become the *publick plague* of *many moe*?
Let *ſinne* alone committed, *light* alone
Vpon his *head* that *hath transgrefſed* so.
Let *guiltleſſe ſoules* be *freed* from *guiltie woe*,
For ones *offence* why should *ſo many fall*?
To *plague* a *private ſinne* in *generall*.

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THE R A P E

Loe here weepes *Hecuba*, here *Priam* dies,
Here manly *Hector* faints, here *Troylus* sounds,
Here friend by friend in bloudy channell lies:
And friend to friend giues vnauidised wounds,
And one mans lust these many liues confounds.

Had doting *Priam* checkt his sonnes desire,
Troy had bin bright with *Fame*, and not with *fire*.

Here feelingly she weeps *Troyes* painted woes,
For sorrow, like a heauy hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his owne waight goes,
Then little strength rings out the dolefull knell:
So *Lucrece* set a worke, sad tales doth tell

To penseld pensiuenesse, and colour'd sorrow,
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throwes her eies about the painted round,
And who she finds forlorne she doth lament:
At last shee sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous lookes to *Phrygian* shepheards lent,
His face though full of cares, yet shew'd content,
Onward to *Troy* with these blunt swaines he goes,
So mild, that patience seemd to scorne his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide *deceipt* and give the harmelesse shew
An humble gate, calme lookes, eies wayling still,
A brow vnbent that seem'd to welcome wo,
Cheeke, neither red, nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red, no guilty instance gaue,
Nor as his pale, the feare that false hearts haue.

But like a constant and confirmed *Devill*,
He entertain'd a shew so seeming iust,
And therein so ensconc't this secret euill,
That *Jealousie* it selfe could not mistrust,
False creeping craft and *Periurie* should thrust

OF LVCRECE.

Into so bright a day, such blackfac'd stormes,
Or blot with bel-borne sin such Saint-like forms.

The well-skild workman this mild Image drew
For perjur'd *Sinon*, whose enchanting storie
The credulous old *Priam* after slew.
Whose words like wild fire burnt the shining glorie
Of rich built *Illion*, that the skies were sorie,
And little starres shot from their fixed places,
When their glasse fell wherein they viewd their faces.

This picture she aduisedly perusd,
And chide the Painter for his vroundrous skill :
Saying, some shape in *Sinon* was abusd,
So faire a forme lodg'd not a mind so ill,
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still
Such signes of truth in his plaine face she spied,
That she concludes, the picture vvas belied.

It cannot be (quoth she) that so much guile,
(She vwould haue said) can lurke in such a Looke :
But *Tarquin* shape, came in her minde the while.
And from her tongue, can lurke, from cannot, tooke
It cannot be, she in that sense forsooke,
And turnd it thus, it cannot be I find,
But such a face should beare a wicked minde.

For euен as subtil *Sinon* here is painted,
So sober sad, so weary and so milde,
(As if with griefe or trauaile he had fainted,) 1617
To me came *Tarquin* armed to beguile
With outward honestie, but yet defil'd
With inward vice : as *Priam* him did cherish,
So did I *Tarquin*, so my *Troy* did perish.

Looke, looke how liiting *Priam* vets his eies
To see those borrowed teares that *Sinon* sheds
Priam why art thou old, and yet not wise ?

THE R A P E.

For every teare he falleth, a *Treyan* bleeds :
His eyes drops fire, no water thence proceeds,
Those round cleare pearles of his that moue thy pity
Are bals of quenchlesse fire to burne thy Cittie.

Such *Diuels* steale effects from lightlesse hell,
For *Sinon* in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot burning fire doth dwelle,
These contraries such vnitie do hold,
Only to flatter fooles and make them bold ;
So *Priamus* trust false *Sinons* teares doth flatter
That he finds means to burn his *Trey* with water.

Here all inrag'd such *passion* her assailes,
That *patience* is quite beaten from her *breast*,
She teares the sencelesse *Sinon* with her *nailes*,
Comparing him to that *vnhappie guest*,
Whose *deede* hath made her selfe, her selfe detest ;
At last she smilingly with this gives ore,
Foole,foole,quoth she his *wounds* will not be sore.

Thusebs and flowes the currant of her sorrow,
And *time* doth weary *time* with her complayning,
She lookes for *night*, and then she longs for *morrow*,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining,
Short *time* seemes long, in *sorrow*s sharp sustaining :
Though *woe* be heauie, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that *watch*, see *time* how slow it creeps.

Which all this *time* hath overslipt her thoughts,
That she with painted *Images* hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her owne *griefe* brought,
By deepe surmisse of others *detrimente*,
Loosing her *woes* in shevves of *discontent* :
It easeth some, though none it euer cured,
To thinke their dolour others haue endured.

But now the mindfull *Messenger* comes backe,

Brings

OF LVCRECE.

Brings home his *Lord* and other company,
Who finds his *Lucrece* clad in mourning black,
And round about her teare-distained-eye
Blew circles strea'n'd, like *Rainbowes* in the skie.

These *watergals* in her dim *Element*,
Foretell newv *stormes* to those already spent.

Which when her sad beholding *husband* saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares :
Her *eyes* though sod in *teares* look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kild with deadly *cares*,
He hath no power to aske her how she fares,
But stood like *old acquaintance* in a *trance*
Met far from home, wondring ech others chance.

At last he takes her by the bloudlesse *hand* :
And thus begins : what vncouth ill *event*
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand ?
Sweet loue, what spite hath thy faire colour spent ?
Why art thou thus attir'd in *discontent* ?
Unmask deare *deare*, this moodic *heauiness*,
And tell thy grieve, that we may give redresse.

Three times with *sighs* she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of *woe* :
At length address to answere his desire,
She modestly prepares, to let them know
Her *Honor* is tane prisoner by the *For*,
While *Colatine* and his consorted *Lords*
With sad attention long to heare her words.

And now this pale *Swan* in her *warie ness*,
Begins the sad *Dirge* of her certaine ending,
For words (quoth shee) shall fit the *trespass* best,
Wherin no *excuse* can give the fault amending,
In me more *woes* then words are now depending
And my *laments* wrould be drawne out too long.

Vpon *Lucrece* sen-
ding for
Colatine is
such hast,
he with d-
uers of his
allies and
friends re-
turnes
home.

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THE R A P E.

To tell them all with one poore tired tongue.

Then be this all the taske it hath to say,
Deare husband in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay,
Where thou was wont to rest thy weary head,
And what wrong else may be imagined,
By foule enforcement might be done to me,
From that (alas) thy *Lucrece* is not free.

For in the dreadfull dead of darke mid night,
With shining *Fauchion* in my chamber came
A creeping creature with a flaming light,
And softly cryed, awake thou *Roman Dame*,
And interraine my *loue*, else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my *loues* desire doe contradict.

For some hard-fauour'd groome of thine, quoth he,
Vnlesse thou yooke thy *liking* to my *will*,
Ile murther straight, and then Ile slaughter thee,
And sweare I found you where you did fulfill
The lothsome act of *Luſt*, and so did kill
The *Teachers* in their *deed*, this *act* will be
My *fame*, and thy perpetuall *infamie*,

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my *heart* he lets his *sword*
Swearing, vnlesse I tooke all patiently,
I should not liue to speake another word,
So should my *shame* still rest vpon record,
And never be forgot in mighty *Rome*
Th' adulterat death of *Lucrece* and her groome.

Mine *enemy* was *strong*, my poore selfe *weake*,
(And farre the weaker with so strong a feare)
My bloudie *Judge* forbad my *tongue* to speake,
No rightfull *plea* might plead for *Justice* there.

His

OF LVCRECE.

His scarlet *lust* came euidence to swaere,
That my poore *beautie* had purloin'd his *eies*;
And when the *Judge* is rob'd the *prisoner* dics.

O teach me how to make mine owne *excuse*,
Or (at the least) this refuge let me finde,
Though my grose *bloud* be staind with this *abuse*,
Immaculate, and spotlesse is my *minde*,
That was not forc't, that never was inclin'd
To accessarie *yeeldings*, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd *closet* yet indure.

Loe here the hopelesse *Merchant* of this losse,
With *head* inclin'd and voice dam'd vp with *wo*,
With sad set *eies* and wretched *armes* a crosse,
From *lips* new waxen pale, begins to blow.
The griefe away, that stops his answere so.
But wretched as he is he striues in vaine,
What he breaths out, his breath drinks vp againe.

As through an *Arch*, the violent roaring *Tide*,
Outruns the *eye* that doth behold his haft :
Yet in the *Edie* boundeth in his pride,
Back to the *Braite* that forst him on so fast :
In *rage* sent out, recal'd in *rage* being past ;
Euen so his *sighs*, his *sorrows* make a saw,
To push griefe on and back the same griefe draw.

Which speechlesse *woe* of his poore she attendeth,
And his vntimely *frenzie* thus awaketh,
Deare *Lord*, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another *power*, no *floud* by raining slaketh,
My *woe* too sensible thy *passion* maketh
More feeling painfull, let it then suffice
To drowne one *woe*, one paire of weeping *eies*,

And for my sake when I might charme thee so,
For she that was thy *Lucrece*, now attend me,

THE RAPE

Be sodainly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his owne, suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the Traitor die :
For sparing Justice feeds iniquitie.

But ere I name him, you faire Lord, quoth she
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)
Shall plight your honourable fauhs to me,
With swi. t pursue to venge this wrong of mine,
For tis a meritorious faire designe,
To chase Inuincice with revengefull armes,
Knights by their oaths should fight poore Ladies harmes.

Upon the At this request, vith noble disposition,
relation of Each present Lord began to promise aid,
Lucrece her As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
rape, Colla- Longing to heare the hatefull foebewraide,
tine and the But the that yet her sad taske hath not said,
rest swearre The protestation stops, O speake quoth she,
to revenge: How may this forced staine be wipt from me ?
but this

stemes not What is the qualitie of mine offence
full satis- Being constrain'd with dreadfull circumstancies ?
faction to May my pure mind with the foule act dispence
her losses. My low declinid honour to aduance ?
May any termes acquit me from this chance ?

She kil- The poysoned fountaine cleares it selfe againe
leth her And why not I from this compelled staine ?

selfe to ex- asperate them the more to punish the delinquent.
With this they all at once began to say,
Her bodies staine, the minde vntainted cleares,
While with a ioylessie, smile, she turnes away
The face, that map which deepe impression beares
Of hard misfortune, caru'd it in with teares.
No no, quoth she, no Dame hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claime excuses giuing.

Here

OF LVCRECE.

Here with a *sigh*, as if her *heart* woulde *breake*,
She throwes forth *Tarquins name*: *he, he*, she saies
But more then *he*, her *poore tongue* could not speake,
Till after many *accents* and *delaiers*,
Vntimely *breathings*, *sick* and *short assaies*,
She vters this, *he he*, faire *Lord*, *tis he*
That guidis this hand to giue this wound to me.

Euen here sheath'd in her *harmelesse breast*
A *harmefull knife*, that thence her *soule* *unsheathed*,
That *blow* did bayle it from the *deepe vnrest*
Of that *polluted priyon* where it *breathed*.
Her *contrite sighs* *vnto the clouds* *bequeathed*,
Her *winged spright*, and through her *wounds* *doth flye*
Lifes *lasting date* *from cancel'd destinie*.

Stone still, astonishte with this *deadly deed*,
Stood *Colatine* and all his *Lordly crue*,
Till *Lucrece* father that beholds her *bleed*.
Himselfe, on her selfe *slaughtered body* *threvv*,
And from the *purple fountaine* *Brutus* *drew*
The murdrous knife, and as it left the *place*,
Her *bloud* in *poore reuenge*, *held it in chase*.

And bubling from her *breast*, it doth *deuide*
In two *flow rivers*, that the *crimion bloud*
Circles her *body* in on *every side*,
Who like a late *sackt land* vastly stood
Bare and *vnpeopled* in this *fearefull flood*.
Some of her *bloud* still *pure* and *red* remain'd
And some lookt *blacke*, and that *false Tarquin stain'd*.

About the *mourning* and *congealed face*
Of that *black bloud*, a *watry rigoll* goes,
Which seemes to *vveepe vpon the tainted place*,
And euer since as pitying *Lucrece* *vnoes*,
Corrupted bloud some *watry token shovves*,

And

THE RAPE

And bloud vntainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrifie.

Daughter, deare daughter, old *Lucretius* cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here deprived,
If in the childe the fathers image lies,
Where shall I liue now *Lucrece* is vnliued?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriued.
If children prædecease progenitours,
We are their off-spring and they none of ours.

Poore broken glasse, I often did behold
In thy sweete semblance, my old age new borne,
But now that faire fresh mirrour dim and old,
Shevves me a barebon'd death by time out worne,
O from my checks my image thou hast torne,
And shiuerd all the beautie from my glasse,
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time cease thou thy course and hast no longer,
If thou surcease to be that should suruiue:
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leaue the foultring feeble soules a liue?
The old Bees die, the yong possesse their hives,
Then liue sweet *Lucrece*, liue againe and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee.

By this starts *Collatine* as from a dreme,
And bids *Lucretius* give his sorrow place,
And then in Key, cold *Lucrece* bleeding streme
He falleth, and bathes the pale feare in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space.
Till manly shame bids him possesse his breath,
And liue to be revenged on her death.

The deepe vexation of his inward soule,
Hath seru'd a dumbe arrest vpon his tongue,
Who made that sorrow should his vse controle,

Or

OF LVCRECE.

Or keepe him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
Weak words so thick comes in his poore hearts aid
That no man could distinguisch what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plaine,
But through his teeth as if his name he tore.
This windie tempest till it blow vp raine,
Held back his sorrowes tide to make it more.
At last it raines, and busie winds give ore:
Then sonne and father weepe with equall strife,
Who should weepe most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possesse the claime they lay.
The father saies she's mine, O mine she is
Replies her husband, do not take away
My sorrowes interest, let no mourner say
He weepes for her, for she was onely mine.
And onely must be waild by Colatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spild.
Woe woe, quoth Colatine, she was my wife,
I owed her, and tis mine that she hath kild.
My daughter and my wife with clamors fild
The desperst aise, who holding Lucrece life,
Answered their cries, my daughter and my wife.

Brutus who plukt the knife from Lucrece side
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to cloath his wit in state and pride.
Burying in Lucrece wound his follies show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As selie ieering ideots are with kings,
For sportiue words, and vttering foolish things.

But now he throwes that shallow habit by,

Wherein

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THE R A P E

Wherein the *policy* did him *disguise*,
And arm'd his long hid *wits* aduisedly
To check the *teares* in *Colatinus* *cies*,
Thou wronged *Lord of Rome*, quoth he, arise,
Let my *vnsounde* *selte* supposd a *foole*,
Now set thy long *experienc't* *mit* to *schoole*,

Why *Colatine*, is *woe* the *cure* for *woe*?
Doe *wounds* help *wounds*, or *griefe* helpe *grieuous* *deeds*?
Is it *reuenge* to give thy *selfe* a *blow*?
For his *soule* *Act*, by whom thy *faire* *wife* *bleeds*?
Such *childish* *humor* from *weake* *minds* *proceeds*,
Thy *wretched* *wife* *mistooke* the *matter* *so*,
To *slaine* her *selfe* that should haue *slaine* her *Foe*.

Couragious *Romane* doe not *steepe* thy *hearts*
In such lamenting *dew* of *lamentations*,
But *kneele* with me and *helpe* to *beare* thy *part*,
To *rouse* our *Roman* *Gods* with *invocations*,
That they *will* *suffer* these *abnominations*,
(Since *Rome* her *selfe* in them *doth* *stand* *disgraced*)
By our *strong* *arms* from *forth* her *faire* *streets* *chased*.

Now by the *Capitoll* that *we* *a'ore*,
And by this *chast* *blood* so *vnjustly* *stained*,
By *heauens* *faire* *sun* that breeds the *fat* *earths* *store*
By all our *country* *rites* in *Rome* *maintained*,
And by *chast* *Lucrece* *soule* that late *complained*
Her *wrongs* to *vs*, and by this *bloudy* *knife*,
We will *reuenge* the *death* of this *true* *wife*.

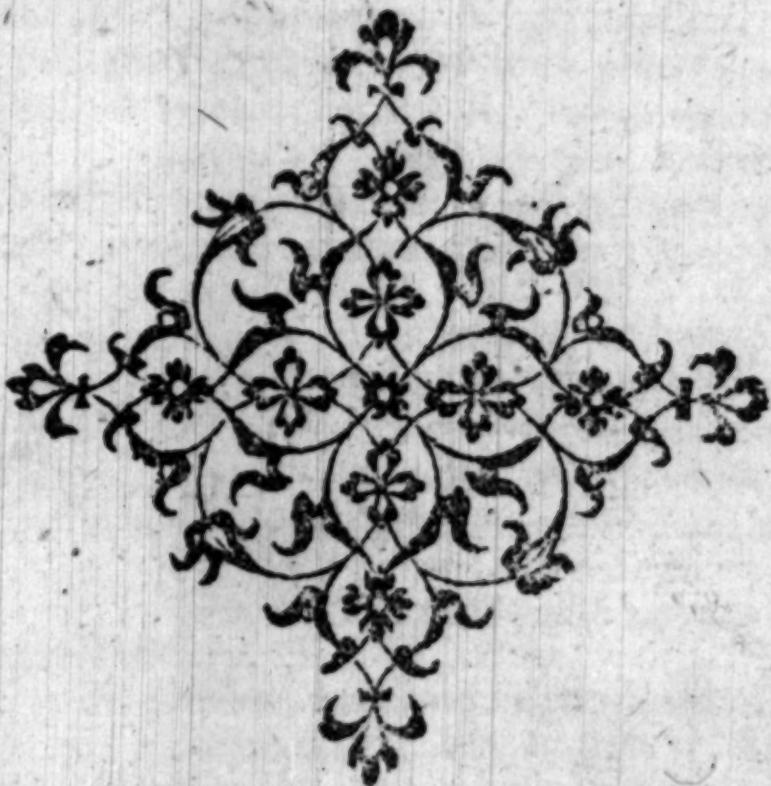
This said, he stroke his *hand* upon his *breast*,
And kist the *fatall* *knife* to end his *vow* :
And to his *protestation* *vrge*'d the *rest*,
Who wondring at him did his *words* *allow*:
Then *joyntly* to the *ground* their *knees* they *bow*,
And that *deepe* *vow* which *Brutus* made before

OF LVCRECE.

He doth againe repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworne to this aduised dounre,
They did conclude to beare dead Lucrece thence
To shew the bleeding boay through out Rome,
And so to publish Tarquins foule offence ;
Which being done, with speedy diligence
The Romains plausibly did give consent,
To Tarquins euerlasting banishment.

FINIS.



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